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Smith

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The School Songs Of

SMITH ACADEMY.



m c prii a con. Publishers.

PRESENTED BY

live Street, St. Lonis. Mo'

Mrs. a. Freund

The School Songs Of

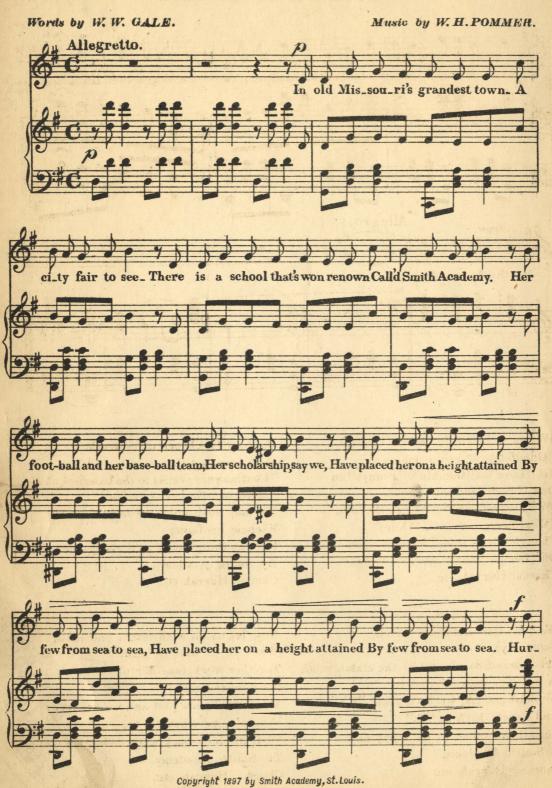
SMITH ACADEMY.



W. S. BELL & SON. Publishers.

818 Olive Street, St. Lonis. Mo'

SMITH ACADEMY.





We are a "Priest" ly lot of "Ladds,"
"Goodfellows" rain or shine,
Yet "Love" to "Gamble" "Pennys" on
Our "Leven" and our "Neun."
We "Turner" handspring in the "Jim"
"Wear" ever red and "White;"
Though not in trade, "Stein-venders" we
Of "Lemps? that's always "Wright."
Chorus: Hurrah etc.

3.

We don't like Latin overmuch Geometry's a bore,
Greek may have pleased (?) the classic youth In by-gone days of yore.
We don't get "A," we have some "F's"
And rarely high as "C,"
But all the same we're happy now In Smith Academy.
Chorus: Hurrah etc.

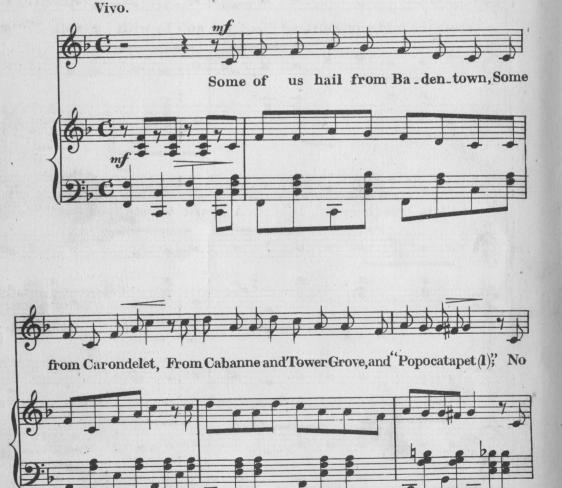
We hear in Chapel many truths
And now and then a rule,
"Confine your pranks to the basement, please,"
"Don't whistle here in school."
We may not smoke, we must as well
Eschew profanity,
But one thing's sure, we'll always "swear"
By Smith Academy.
Chorus: Hurrah etc.

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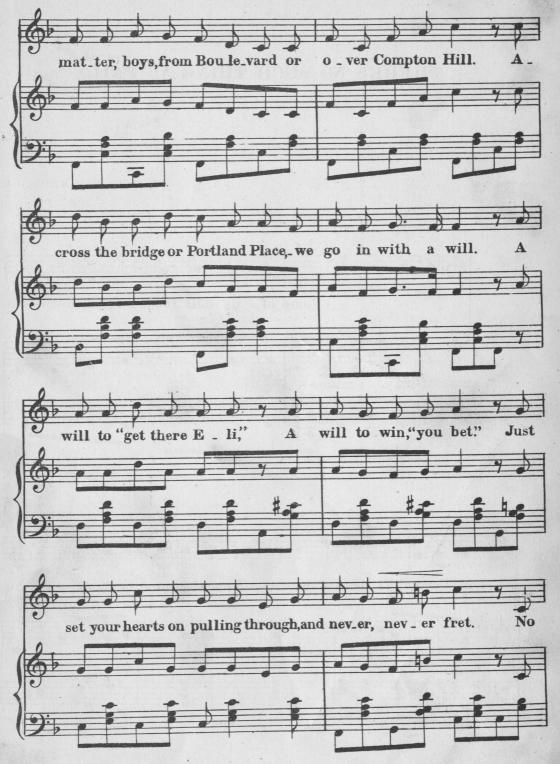
Now let us do with might and main What 'er we have in hand;
Together work, together play
As a united band.
When boyhood's past and we are men
Where'er or what we be,
We'll oft look back with feelings warm
To Smith Academy.
Chorus: Hurrah etc.

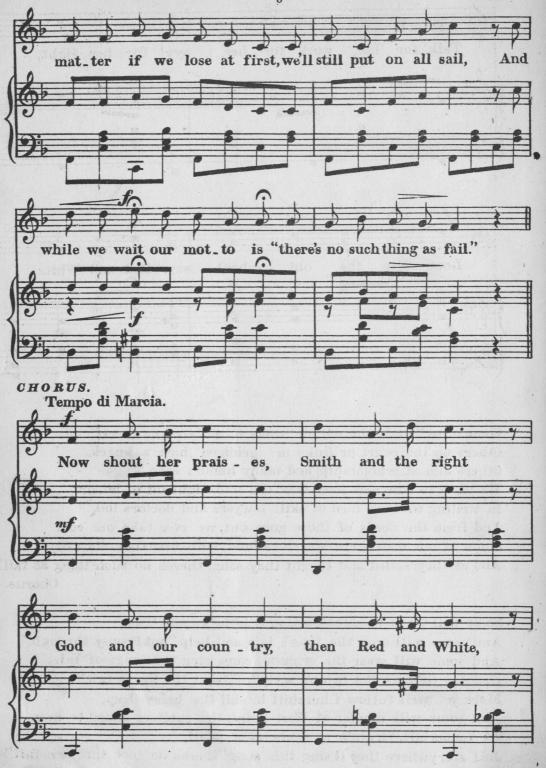
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS FAIL.

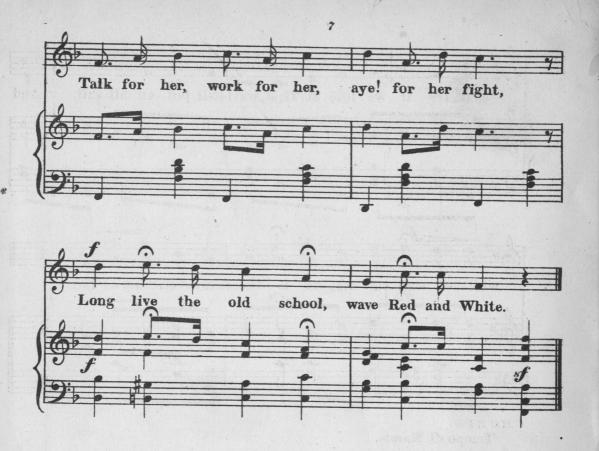
Music by E. R. KROEGER.



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Some of us "wield the willow" some of us "fly the track."

Others on the court or links or gridiron have a knack.

Others aim at scholarship, and many honors earn.

We work to win and never fear the mid night oil to burn."

In writing we have men of skill, lawyers and doctors too,

And from the deeds of those gone out, we ever take our cue.

Some of our men were warriors bold, with Otis they did sail,

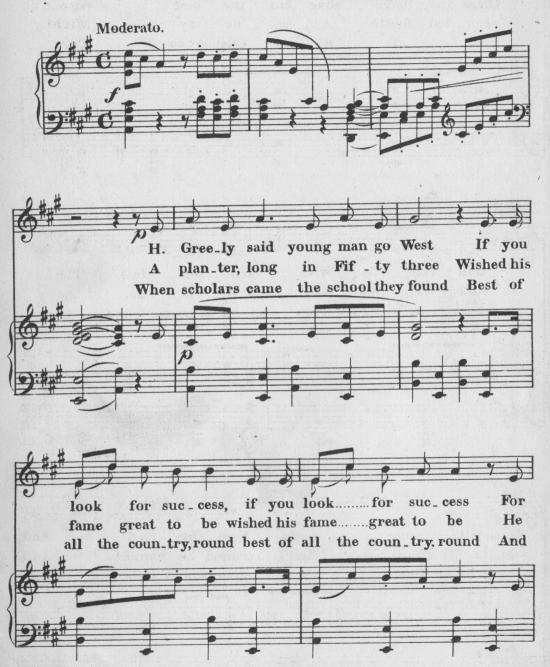
And as they sailed and fought they sang, there's no such thing as fail."

Chorus.

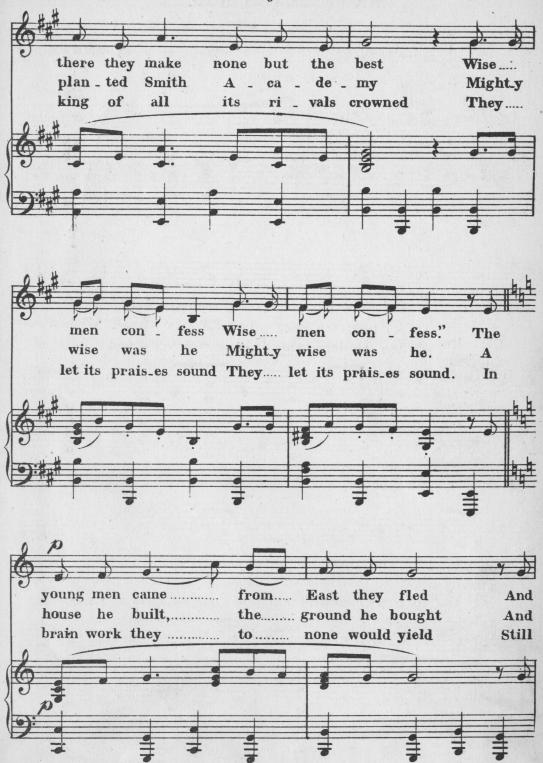
Some will go to Washington, they'll loyal be and true,
And some will seek the tiger's lair, and help "put Pennsy through."
And some will wear the crimson, some sing the songs of Yale,
And try to "take the Injun's scalp," or "twist the tiger's tail."
More yet will follow Churchill to sail the briny deep,
And some will muster at West Point, the soldiers guard to keep
At Vanderbilt, Virginia, at Amherst a detail,
Just everywhere they'll sing this song, "there's no such thing as fail."
Chorus.

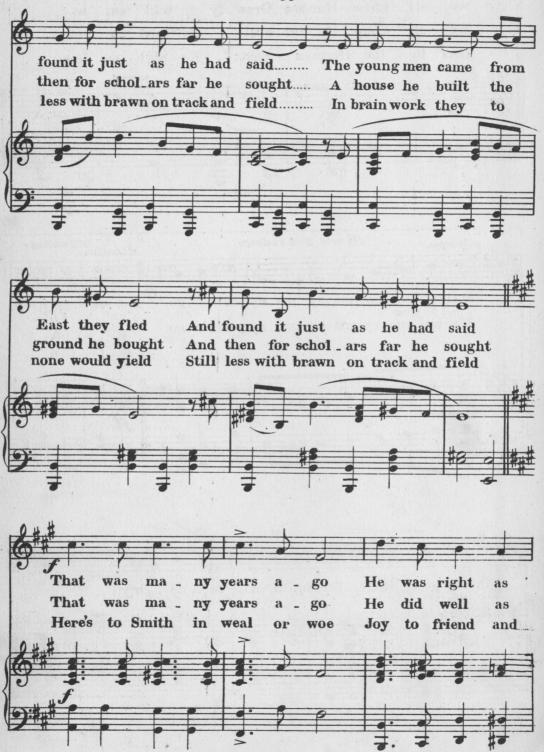
MANY YEARS AGO.

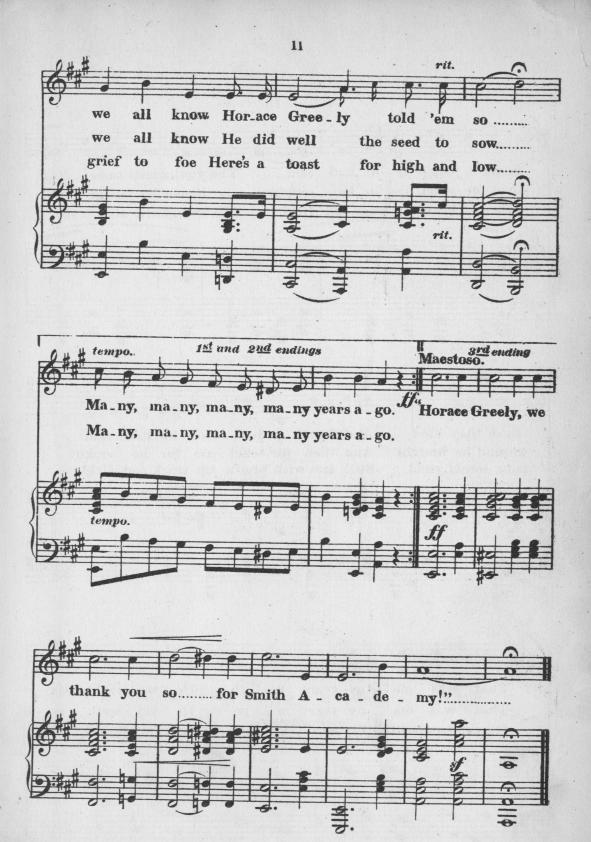
Music by W. H. POMMER.



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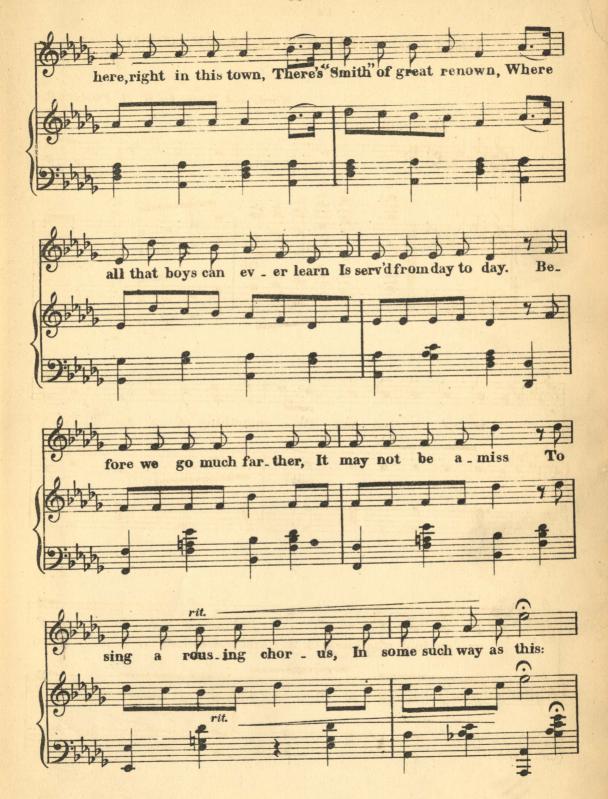


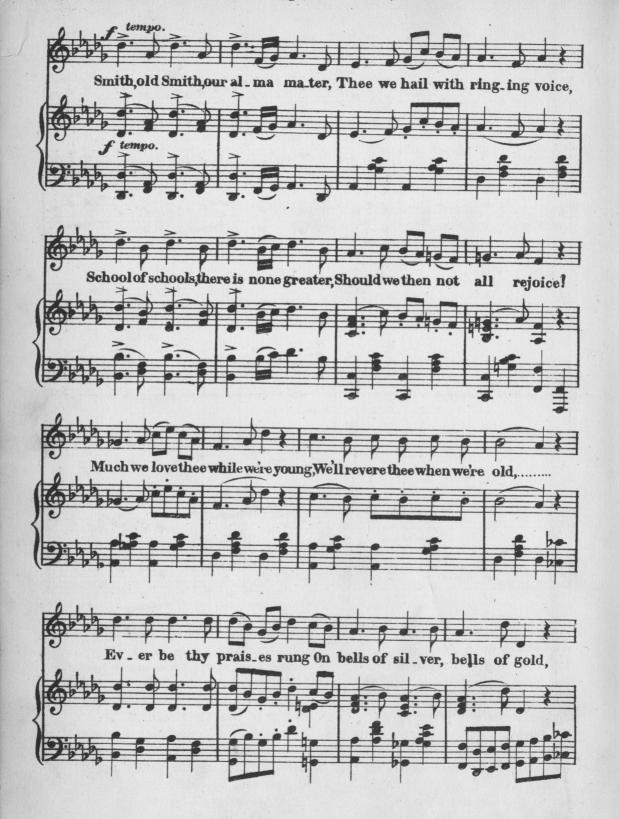
BELLS OF SILVER, BELLS OF GOLD.

Words and Music by W. H. POMMER.



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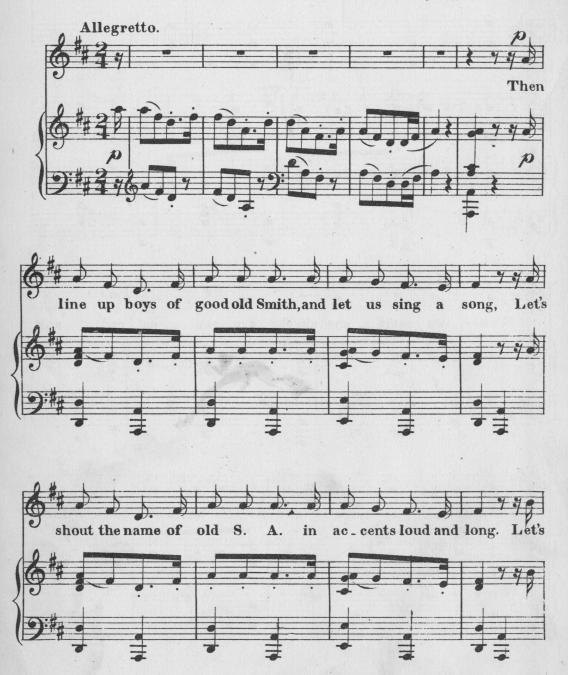


We exercise our brains
And study with great pains,
To carry off the scholarship
One longsfor, seldom gets;
(We'll sav in an aside,
It's balm to wounded pride,
To see our names high on the list
Of S.A. Foot Ball Vets.)
As this is quite consoling,
It may not be amiss
Again to sing the chorus,
With heartiness like this:
Smith, old Smith etc.

Ah, how we drive the nail
(To clinch we never fail,)
When hammering the many teams
We meet upon the field.
Success like ours, 'tis plain,
Is due to muscle, brain,
Esprit de corps, unflinching grit,
Which make our foemen yield.
In summing up the matter
It may not be amiss
To vent our satisfaction,
The only way is this:
Smith, old Smith etc.

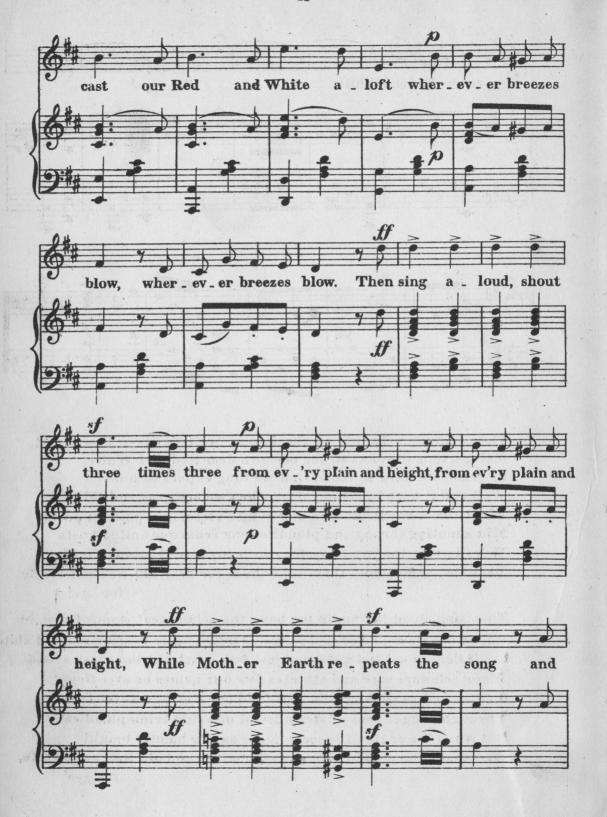
THE RED AND WHITE.

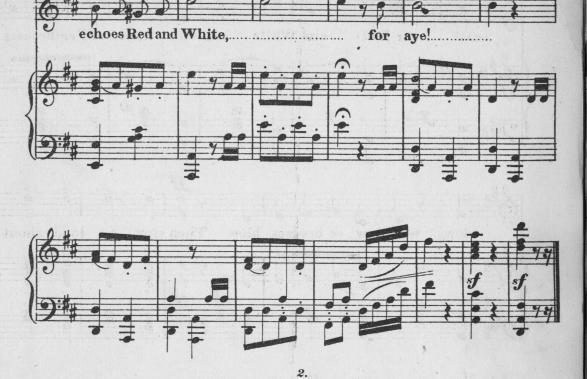
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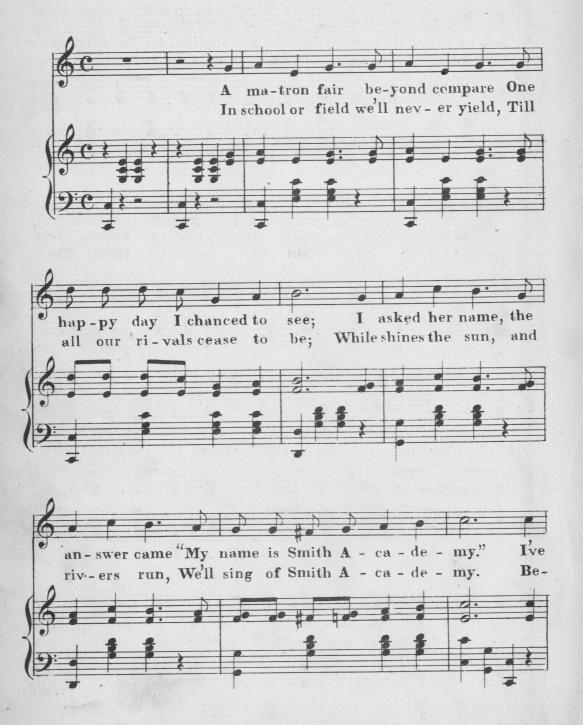


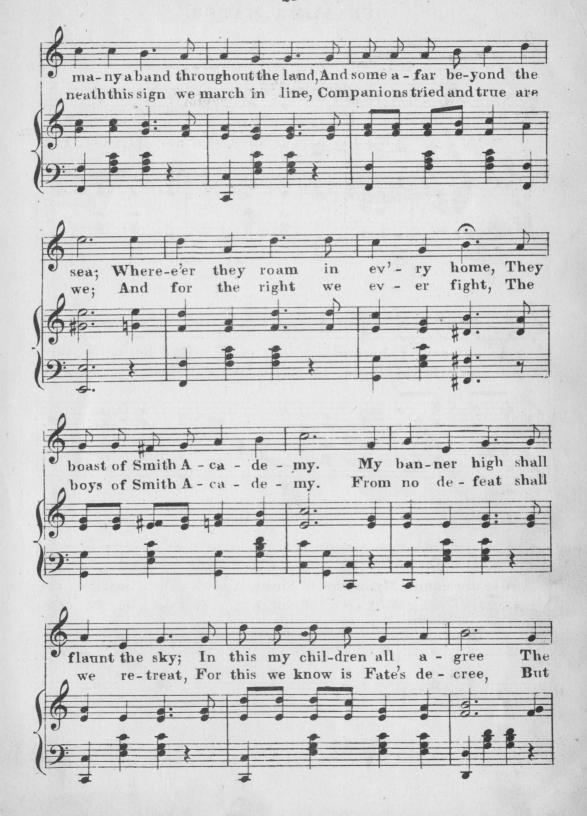
Then fling our banner to the breeze, we love its colors bright. 0! sing it long in voices strong our own dear Red and White, In games we have a record that we long expect to hold We'll call it back to mem'ry dear when we are gray and old. We oft have borne the Red and White victorious past the posts Mid shouting throng and plaudits long from our united hosts We've known the joy of victory in many a well-earned fight, Then sing aloud, shout three time three, for dear old Red and White, for .ave!

Then sing aloud for Smith my boys, the school that stands for right Where oft we've played and sung and toiled while wearing red and white In all that's good and great and just let's reach the top-most round Mong scholars rare and athletes fair our names be ever found On diamond green and foot ball field our courage never fails Through rugged seas of stern defeat our ship triumphant sails But when the eagle of success lights on our banner bright Well make the welkin ring and ring with good old Red and White,

for ave!

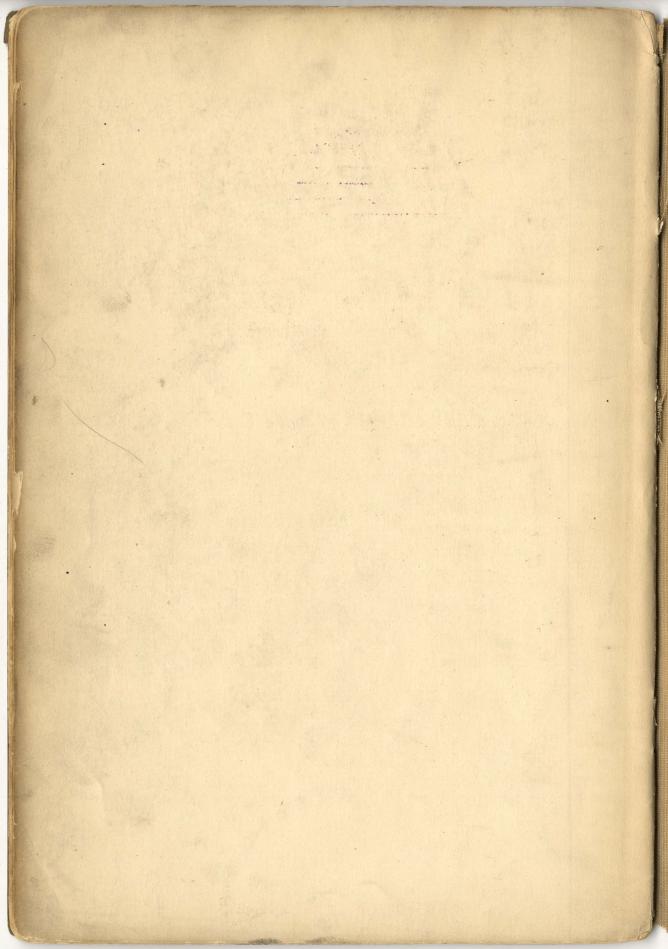
OUR ALMA MATER.



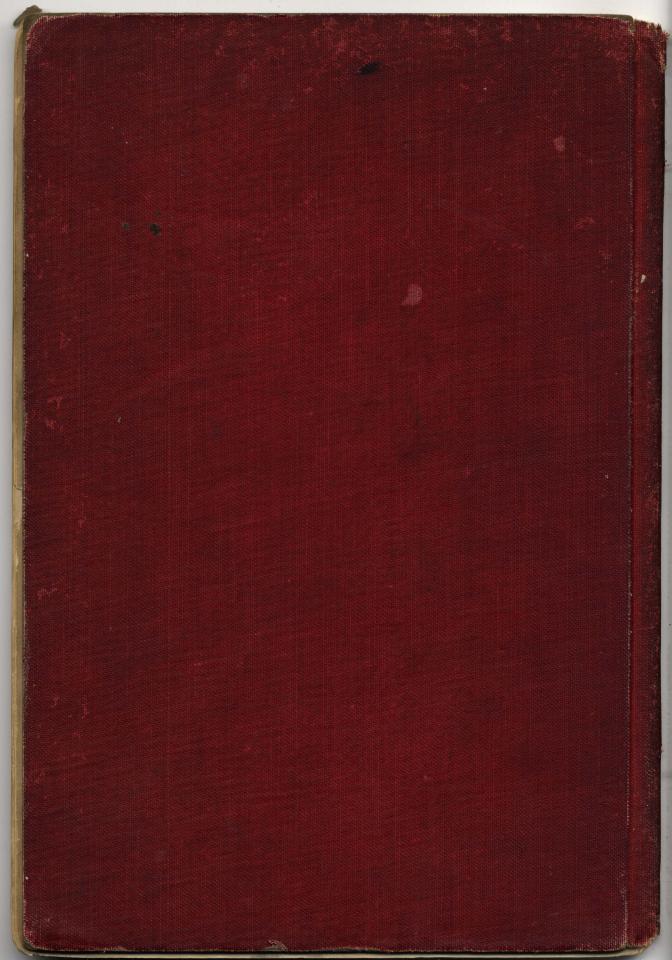




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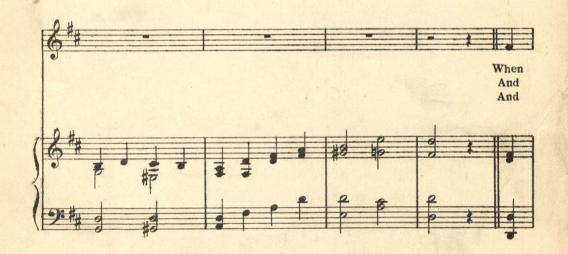


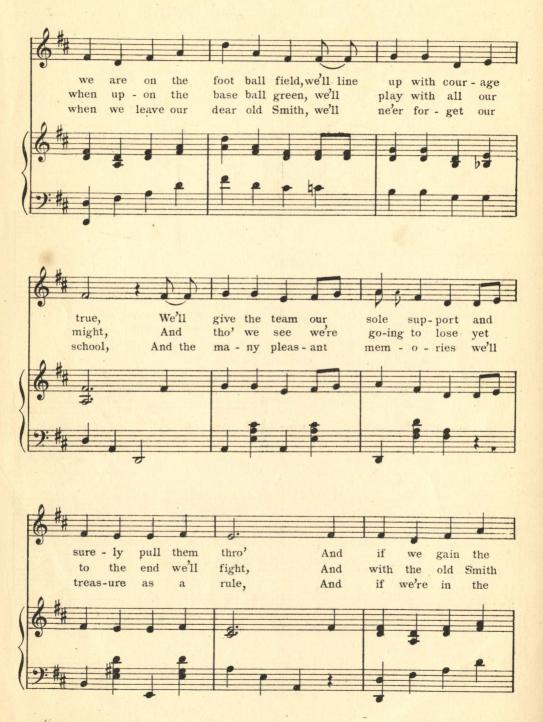
Pull for good Old Smith!

Words and Music by

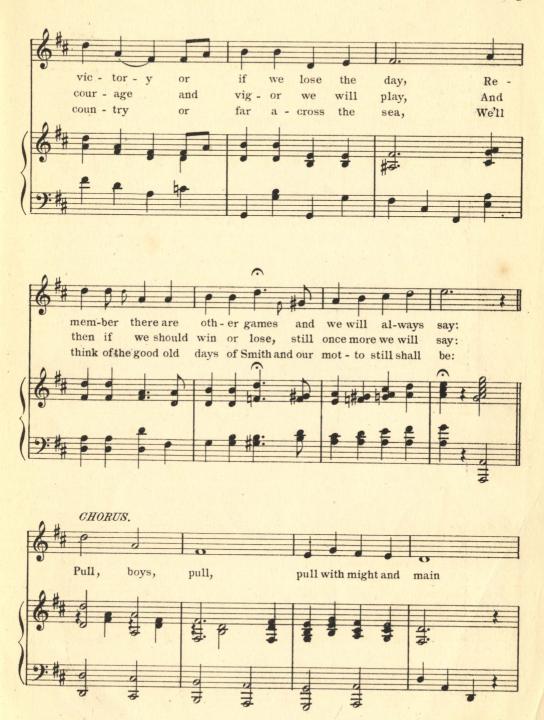
MELVIN GOLDMAN.
Of the Third Year Class.







Pull for etc. 4



Pull for etc. 4



Pull for etc. 4

"Hello Bill, the Hot Dog Man".

Dedicated to the Class of 1906.

Words by The Man in the Moon.

WILLIAM JOHN HALL.











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"SMITH FOREVER"



Converget 1905 by Smith Academy, St. Louis.

